

Has the French Government Made a Fearful Mistake and Ruined the Lives of a Brave Officer, His Beautiful Wife and All Who Bear the Name of Dreyfus?

Captain Dreyfus Exiled to a Life of Torture in a Steel Cage on the Island du Diable.  
Mrs. Dreyfus a Suppliant at Every Throne in Europe for Influence to Reopen the Case.  
Five Relatives, Father, Mother, Three Children, Commit Suicide Because of the Disgrace of the Name of Dreyfus.



This  
Epitomizes  
the  
Life and Fate  
of  
Capt. Dreyfus.

With unwavering, pitiless pen a great government wrote last week the final line in the most notable romance of modern times.

The romance deals with a man's dishonor and a woman's loyalty, and closes with a short, pregnant word, the word traced by a firm official pen, "Despair."

It was not so many years ago, not more than ten, that there was a wedding fete in Parls.

Wedding rites are not uncommon in the city of laughter and color and song. But there was reason to anticipate and remember this, for was not the groom one of the youngest and most gallant officers to be found in a journey from the German border to the Pyrenees? He had a German name, it is true, but one could forgive that, for there was the elegance of France in his bearing and the bravery of France in his deed. And one could but look upon him for the chance in the light from his bride's eyes. Wondrous eyes they were, brown and tender and trustful. They were so, shed many a tear, but the mist of sorrow never hid that light of tenderness and trust.

And the bride, in silk from the finest loom, and lace over whose frost-like delicacy bright peasant eyes had grown dim to blindness and nimble peasant fingers had tolled to a deathful weariness. She was the lovely daughter of M. Hadamard, the rich diamond merchant. Strange fact! Her heart had been well won by the Russian wooling, and the love she gave her bridegroom was as great as her dowry.

The wedded pair made their way to the carriage, followed by gay words from the guests.

There were other and uninvited guests on the streets. They pressed against the walls of canvas leading to the carriage, and their faces gleamed pale in the mingled starlight and gaslight. These guests had stared at the bride about the pomp and luxury within, but the murmurs changed to gayer tones under the influence of happiness. A sight of the bride's happy face and the groom's manly one and the populace cheered.

Half Paris laughed "an revoir" as they drove away to the land of honeymoon, and so was the first chapter of the life romance of Captain and Mrs. Alfred Dreyfus written, and its name was "Joy."

## The Accusation.

The years passed quickly, busily, happily after that honeymoon.

At home there was the music of children's voices. Outside were the trumpet tones of ambition. They formed a harmony which Captain Dreyfus believed existed for no other man, for he believed that none was so happy as he.

There was nothing left to be asked as a complement to his happiness in the home circle. In the world of the soldier there were yet other things to be gained, but they were within his reach. The power of a man strong in the strength of happiness and success cannot be measured. He was now on the staff of the War Office. He had made enemies, the unfailing sign of a man's success. He was proud as well as happy.

And then the warning note sounded. It was faint at first. When the French captain heard it he laughed. Some brother officers had said at the bibulous close of a midnight supper that no German should be tolerated in the French army, and that "that animal, Dreyfus, should be watched. Mon Dieu! Yes, a watch should be set upon him."

"They were drunk. No! No! I have my wife and little ones." And Dreyfus laughed. The other shrugged his shoulders and hit a clug. No Parisian can leave off gayety long enough to expostulate with a mistaken friend.

A week later the warning note became a sharp jarring discord.

An official document lay on his desk when he entered his office in the War Department one morning. He whistled "The Marseillaise" softly as he opened it. The memory of the kisses of his wife and children, blended with the ever-present thought of ambitions nearer of fulfillment each day.

He unfolded the document. The last note of "The Marseillaise" died, half stifled. The document was a plan for the mobilization of the French army on the frontier in case of war. It looked strangely familiar. He died coughed such a man himself.

The handwriting? Was it his? Captain Dreyfus turned the paper and saw upon the back the stamp of the German War Office. The paper needed no explanation. The officer's face grew as white as the blank sheets on the desk awaiting his hand.

His superior officer was at his elbow. There was a look of contempt on his face. It grew into one of detestation.

"Did you write it?" he asked.

"Yes, but"

"Enough."

The superior officer left the room. A moment later he sent a messenger to him. The messenger laid a loaded revolver on Dreyfus's desk. The unhappy man lifted his head from the desk, looked at the weapon and groaned. He remembered the wife and little ones and went to them.

And so was the second chapter written.

### The Sentence and Exile.

Five thousand men in arms had gathered about the Ecole Militaire. There were unnumbered throngs from the streets of Paris. Some of the spectators had seen Dreyfus drive away with his bride on his wedding day. He was the central figure of this spectacle.

Again there were murmurs, but this time they were of menace. Dreyfus, escorted by a squad of soldiers, marched to the centre of the square. He halted before the commanding officer. The young man was in the full glory of his uniform and carried his unsheathed sword in his hand.

An adjutant read the finding of the court-martial. The prisoner flushed, then grew pale as he listened to a word that came hissing from the adjutant's lips. "Traitor!" read the adjutant, and the sickle French populace shouted, "A mort le traître!"

"Dreyfus," said the general, "you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of the soldiery and people of France I de-grade you."

The adjutant snatched the sword from Dreyfus's hand. It had been filed almost to separation at the middle. The adjutant broke it across his knee. Tears streamed from the dishonored officer's eyes.

The gold lace and buttons of his uniform had been ripped off then fastened lightly again in readiness for this ceremony.

A black and white woodcut illustration of a soldier in a military uniform, wearing a peaked cap and holding a rifle. He is standing in a field with tall grass and a fence or gate in the background.

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THE STEEL CAGE  
TAIN DREYFU

Dreyfus's face quivered as does a babe's in tears, but he raised his voice, which showed no tremor.

"Vive la France! You have degraded an innocent man. I swear I am innocent." The roll of drums drowned his voice. He was made to march about the square to the mournful music which attends a man at his execution. Once the music ceased in "le parade de l'exécution."

"Tell the whole of France that I am innocent, I declare I am innocent," shouted the miserable man, but thousands of imprecations were hurled at him.

"Sell more plans to the German Government. Down with the Judas," they roared, and the drums were beaten louder than before.

The next day Dreyfus sailed under a strong guard for the Ile du Diable, the loneliest of the marshy, malarial penal Iles du Salut, off the coast of French Guiana.

A couple of the prisoner grew morose because he was pointed at on the street as "of the family of that dog Dreyfus." He tried to have his name changed by an act of Government, but could not. He talked

with his wife and children many times of the disgrace which had fallen upon the family, and he always said at the end of those conversations, what the exiled murmured in his dreams: "Death is better than dishonor." It did not surprise their neighbors, therefore, when the bodies of himself and wife and three children were found dead in their homes on the Avenue Marceau. They had committed suicide by breathing charcoal fumes. They had proven their choice of death and had written a tragic line in the chapter of dishonor.

### The Wife's Devotion.

A sad-faced woman regal by right of beauty and princely wealth cast herself, weeping, at the feet of the Czar of Russia.

"I ask not mercy, but justice," she pleaded. "My husband is dying on the Isle du Diable. He is the victim of a conspiracy. Only read these papers, sire."

The Czar read them. He was impressed. He sent a diplomatic note to the Chamber of Deputies, saying that he believed the circumstances justified a new trial of the

case of a degraded captain, one Alfred Dreyfus.

The beautiful young woman gained an audience with Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and Franz Joseph of Austria, and those sage potentates sent documents under their seal to the French Chamber of Deputies.

The King of Greece lent a pitying ear to her story and then she sought the Pope. To him she sent a written prayer.

"I kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ in sorrow and tears and beg his compassion as the daughters of Jerusalem once looked in the face of Christ himself to pray for sympathy."

Words of sympathy and encouragement came to her from the Vatican, and the loyal wife went back to Paris to breathe hopeful words to her children, the children of the exile on the Ile du Diable.

Alfred Dreyfus has lived on the Isle du Diable for well-nigh four years.

The Island had served for the isolation of lepers until it was prepared for his use. There the rain falls without interruption for five months in the year. In Summer the sun's rays are so fierce that to expose one's self to them at midday means instant

death. Some gongs that were kept there for a time were removed because of the unhealthiness of the place.

His companions are a chief guard and six assistants, none of whom speak to him, but they are of the army of France and he knows that contemned thing, a degraded soldier. He is guarded as closely by night as by day. When he dreams of dear home faces he awakes to find a grim visaged guard looking scornfully at him, but no word breaks the silence. The soldiers are on the verge of mutiny because of this horrible detail. One of the men became insane under the strain of the long, lonely night watches.

The soldiers curse in his presence and pray in blasphemous way for his death. The newspapers of his loved Paris jeer at the Government for his extravagance in maintaining a guard for him and advise that he be put to death as an economical measure.

He lives in a small, iron-barred hut, more like the lair of a beast than the habitation of a man. He is not permitted to see the newspapers, but reads and rereads of magazines and military reviews. He smokes incessantly to counteract the miasma

face, dimmer of eye and more emaciated of figure every day, but he has been kept alive by the hope that through his wife's efforts he may regain liberty in time to die at home. He writes long letters to his friends in Paris. The fearful monotony of his life supplies for him no topic. He writes constantly, "I am innocent. Seek but the conspirators. Let me die at home."

But the Chamber of Deputies has ruled otherwise. The diplomatic notes of the potentates have been considered and the reply has been given to the world: "The Dreyfus case will not be reopened."

There was but a line or two of cable dispatches to announce this decision. The world has nearly forgotten the degraded French captain and his loyal wife.

That a woman's loyal heart is breaking in the gay French capital and a man is dying on the Isle du Diable because the last hope has been forever taken away, is a trifling matter to the people of light hearts and easy memories.

"The case of Alfred Dreyfus will not be reopened," declares the French Government, and so has it written the last chapter in the romance, the chapter whose title is, "Despair."

# Enthusiastic Cat Culture in England.

Cat breeding is now carried on as scientifically as horse breeding in England. The Ladies' Kennel Journal is one of the principal organs of the fanciers. A few extracts from it are worth reading:

"I have heard of the death of several noted cats this month."

"Southampton Ghost" succumbed to a ball of hair in the stomach. Mrs. Greenwood laments him deeply."

Mrs. Marriott has a fine young orange male coming on.

"The Seraph," Mrs. Marriott's Chinese chilla kitten, purchased at the C. P. show last year, has grown into a big, solid cat."

"Mrs. Waldgrave's Bredie" evidently does not suffer from want of buyers for her kittens. So she wrote me, 'I sell my kittens almost too rapidly, as some unborn are already sold.' She has put up a delightful cattery."

We also learn that this lady "has brought a daughter of the well-known Tom Esau."

Next we find the chronicler congratulating Mrs. H. Woodhouse, "who has a litter of five blue fives from Lobelia, by Kingfisher."

After a few pages of this kind of thing, it is no surprise to learn that the same journal has a "Births" column.

Enormous Steel Store-  
houses for Grain.

The uses of structural steel, which made the "sky scraper" of to-day a possibility are constantly extending, and now it appears that the business of erecting grain elevators is to be revolutionized. The costly and dangerous structures that cleave the air at the great shipping fronts on river, lake and ocean front will under the new order, have perhaps greater capacity than those of to-day.

A big grain storehouse as at present put up requires from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 feet of lumber; quite an item in these days of disappearing forests. Small steel elevators having the same capacity, however, are not only successful, architecturally, but they are easy to carry the idea further, with the result that the Canadian Pacific Railroad has built at Fort William, on Lake Superior, and the Northern Steamship Company at Buffalo, grain elevators with a capacity of 20,000,000 bushels each, and it is not improbable that the last wooden elevator has been built.